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the Indian customers. Later he ran another check on the accuracy of our bookkeeping. He passed this information on to the Indians. I can well remember my embarrassment when one day, after he had finished his investigations, the Reverend Mr. Deyo shook my hand and thanked me for "dealing honestly with my people." It seemed just a little hard for him to understand that a white merchant would voluntarily deal honestly with the Indians. But I am sure Dad, Mother, and I would have been just as puzzled had anyone suggested we deal any other way. At least, I never heard the subject discussed.

I am positive that at the time I had never heard the word "romantic," but it represents the way I thought about the Comanches in our trade territory. They belonged to the group known as Quohadie Tejas, or Antelope Eaters. Their range had been the high plains, centered in what is now the Texas Panhandle, and their leader was Quanah Parker. They had fought at Adobe Walls and in June, 1878, had been the last of the Comanches to surrender to the Army. By simple arithmetic, I knew that every male from the late forties upward had been a warrior. For my own convenience in thinking of them, I separated them into a group I called "the old fellows."

There was another group I didn't have to separate out, those ranging in age from their late teens to the late thirties or early forties. They separated themselves out. Not only did they hold themselves aloof from the whites, but there was a separateness between them and the older Indians—apparently including their own parents.

I learned that these particular Indians had been East to a school financed by the government at Carlisle, Pennsylvania. I learned that most of them had the equivalent of a high school education, and some had done college work. Now that they were home with the tribe, they made not the slightest move to use what they had learned, either to better their own condition or to be of assistance to the tribe.

They talked only Comanche among themselves, and wouldn't speak English when conversing with whites if they could make themselves understood by grunts, sign language, or pointing. I called these Indians the Carlisle group.

These young men and older boys, as well as the girls of the same age group, were better-looking Indians than the older, warrior-aged group and their squaws. It was most noticeable in their legs, which were straighter and better developed and appeared longer—the bandy look of the oldsters' legs had disappeared. These young Indians had